In Recital

Casey Peden, soprano

Candidate for the Master of Music degree in Applied Music (Voice)
assisted by

Roger Admiral, harpsichord/piano

Friday, May 10, 2002 at 8:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Now That The Sun Hath Veil'd
His Light (An Evening Hymn on a Ground Bass) (1688) — Henry Purcell
Tell Me, Some Pitying Angel (The Blessed Virgins Expostulation) (1693) — (1659-1696)

Doug Millie, cello

Cantata No. 51 Jauchzet Gott In Allen Landen! (BWV 51) (1730) — Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Stephen Williams, trumpet
Ken Hiese and **Kim Bertsch, violin**
Jeremy Tusz, viola
Doug Millie, cello
Jordan Beatty, bass

Intermission

Voi avete un cor fedele (K. 217) (1775) — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Der Schmied, Op. 19 (1859)
Feldeinsamkeit, Op. 86 (1882)
Auf dem See, Op. 59 (1885)
Nachklang , Op. 59 (1873)
Sonntag, Op. 47 (1859-60)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Airs Chantés: (1927-28)
Air Romantique
Air Champêtre
Air Grave
Air Vif

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms Peden.

Ms Peden is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Graduate).

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Now that the Sun Hath Veil'd His Light
Now that the sun hath veil'd his light And bid the world goodnight, To the soft bed my body I dispose, But where shall my sould repose? Dear God, even in thy arms, and can there be Any so sweet security? Then to thy rest, O my soul, and, singing, praise The mercy that prolongs thy days! Alleluia.

Tell me, Some Pitying Angel
Tell me, some pitying angel, quickly say, Where does my soul's sweet darling stay, In tiger's, or more cruel Herod's way? Ah! rather let his little footsteps press Unregarded through the wilderness, Where milder savages resort:
The desert's safer than a tyrant's court. Why, fairest object of my love, why dost thou from my longing eyes remove? Was it a waking dream that did foretell Thy wondrous birth? no vision from above? Where's Gabriel now, that visited my cell? I call, I call 'Gabriel! Gabriel'; he comes not; flatt'ring hopes, farewell.
Me Judah's daughters once caress'd, Call'd me of mothers the most bless'd; Now (fatal change!) of mothers most distressed. How shall my soul its motions guide, How shall I stem the various tide, Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul divide? For whilst of thy dear sight beguil'd, I trust the God, but oh! I fear the child.

Jauchzet Gott In Allen Landen
1.Arie
Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen! Was der Himmel und die Welt An Geschöpfen in sich hält, Müsse dessen Ruhm erhöhen, Und wir wollen unserm Gott Gleichfalls jetzt ein Opfer bringen, Daß er uns in Kreuz und Not Allezeit hat beigstanden.

2. Recitative
Wir beten zu dem Tempel an,
Da Gottes Ehre wohnet, Da dessen Treu' so täglich neu Mit lauter Segen lohnet. Wir preisen, was er an uns hat getan. Muß gleich der schwache Mund Von seinen Wundern lallen, So kann ein schlechtes Lob Ihm dennoch wohlgefallen.

Acclaim God in all Lands!
1. Aria
Acclaim God in all lands! Let all that in Heaven and Earth has been created exalt His glory; and we wish to bring our God an offering too, because in affliction and need He has always stood by us.

2. Recitative
We make offering at the temple where God's honour dwells, where His constancy each day afresh rewards us with pure blessing. We glorify what He has done for us. Although the mouths are feeble which babble of His wonders, even such poor praise can be pleasing to Him.

3. Arie
Höchster, mache deine Güte Ferner alle Morgen neu, So soll für die Vatertreu' Auch eim dankbares Gemüte Durch ein frommes Leben weisen, Daß wir deine Kinder heißen.

4. Choral
Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren Gott Vater, Sohn, heiligem Geist! Der woll' in ums vermehren, Was er uns aus Gnaden verheißt. Daß wir ihm fest vertrauen, Gänzlich verlass'n auf ihn, Von Herzen auf ihn bauen, Daß uns'r Herz, Mut und Sinn Ihm festiglich anhangen; Drauf singen wir zur Stund': Amen! wir werdn't erlangen, Glaub'n wir aus Herzens Grund.

5. Arie
Alleluja!

Voi avete un cor fedele
Voi avete un cor fedele come amante appassionato, ma mio sposo dichiarato, che farete? Cangerete? Dite, allora, che sarà? Manterrete fedeltà? Ah, non credo! Gia, prevedo, mi potreste corbellar, non ancora, non per ora, non mi vuò di voi fidar.

Der Schmied
Ich hör meinen Schatz, Den Hammer er schwinget, Das rauschet, das klinget, Das dringt in die Weite, Wie Glockengeläute, Durch Gassen und Platz. Am schwarzen Kamin, Da sitzet mein Lieber, Doch geh ich vorüber, Die Bälge dann sausen, Die Flammen aufbrausen Und lodern um ihn.

Feldeinsamkeit
Ich ruhe still im hoher grünen Gras Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben, Von grillen rings umschwirrt ohn Unterlaß, Von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben. Die schönen weißen Wolken ziehn dahin Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Träume; Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin Und siehe selig mit durch ewge Räume.

3. Aria
Most High, make Thy goodness shine anew each morning.
So for that Fatherly constancy, a grateful heart may show through godly living that we are Thy children.

4. Chorale
Glory, laud, and honour be to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Who would increase in us that which He promised out of Grace, that we may firmly trust in Him, wholly depend on Him, build on Him within our hearts, that our hearts remain faithful to Him; now let us therefore sing: Amen, we will attain it; this we believe from the bottom of our hearts.

5. Aria
Alleluia!

Translation by Jacques Lasserre

You are faithful now
You are faithful now in the role of passionate lover, but if you were my husband what would you do? Would you change? Tell me, what would happen then? Would you keep faith? I do not think so! I forsee a possible deception. Not yet, not now do I intend to trust you.

The Smith
I hear my loved one swinging his hammer, the dinning and ringing reach out far and wide, like pealing of bells, through alley and square. By the black forge my loved one is sitting, but should I pass by, the bellows start blowing, the flames roar up and blaze about him.

Field Solitude
Quiet I rest in tall green grass and upward long direct my gaze, by unremittant crickets ringed, enfolded wondrously by blue sky. The fine white clouds go drifting by through th deep blue like fine silent dreams; I feel as if I have long been dead, and happy, drift in eternal regions too.

Auf dem See
Blauer Himmel, blaue Wogen, Rebenhügel um den See, Drüber Blauer Berge Bogen Schimmernd weiß im reinen Schnee. Wie der Kahn uns hebt und widget, Leichter Nebel steigt und fällt, Süßer Himmelsfriede lieget Über der beglänzten Welt. Stürmend Herz, tu auf die Augen, Sieh umher und werde mild: Glück und Frieden magst du saugen Aus des Doppelhimmels Bild. Spiegelnd sieh die Flut erwidern Turm und Hügel, Busch und Stadt, Was die Erde Schönstes hat.

On the Lake
Blue sky, blue waves, vineyards about the lake, beyond, a blue arc of mountains, shimmering white in the pure snow. As the small boat raises and rocks us, light mist rises and falls, sweet heavenly peace lies over the gleaming world. Raging heart, open your eyes, look about and grow gentle: peace and happiness can you drink in from the image of double heaven. See how the water returns, mirrored, tower and vineyard, bush and town; and you ---mirror thus in song earth's most beautiful possessions.

Nachklang
Regentropfen aus den Bäumen Fallen in das grüne Gras, Tränen meiner trüben Augen Machen mir die Wange naß. Wenn die Sonne wieder scheinet, Wird der Rasen doppelt grün: Doppelt wird auf meinen Wangen Mir die heiße Träne glühn.

Afterwards
Raindrops from the trees fall into green grass, tears from my sad eyes wet my cheeks. When the sun shines again, the grass is doubly green: doubly on my cheeks glow my burning tears.

Sonntag
So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche Mein feines Liebchen nicht gesehn, Ich sah es an einem Sonntag Wohl vor der Türe stehn: Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein, Das tausendschöne Herzelein, Wollte Gott, ich wär heute bei ihr! So will mir doch die ganze Woche Das Lachen nicht vergehn, Ich sah es an einem Sonntag Wohl in die Kirche gehn: Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein, Das tausendschöne Herzelein, Wollte Gott, ich wär heute bei ihr!

Sunday
So all the week I've not seen my dear love, on a Sunday I saw her standing at her door: my darling love, my darling sweet, would God, I were with her today! So all the week I'll not cease to laugh, on a Sunday I saw her going to church: my darling love, my darling sweet, would God, I were with her today!

Translation by George Bird and Richard Stokes

Air romantique
J'allais dans la campagne avec le vent d'orage, Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas; Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon voyage, Et dans les flaques d'eau retentissaient mes pas. La foudre à l'horizon faisait courir sa flamme Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs gémissements; Mais la tempête était trop faible pour mon âme, Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses battements. De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de l'érable L'Automne composait son éclatant butin, Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol inexorable, M'accompagnait sans rien changer à mon destin.

Romantic Air
I went through the countryside with the storm wind, under the pale morning, under the low clouds, a sinister raven accompanied my journey and my footsteps echoed in the puddles. The lightning on the horizon sent its flame crackling along and Boreas redoubled his drawn-out groans; but the storm was too weak for my soul, which covered the thunder with its throbs. From the golden remains of ash and maple autumn assembled its brilliant booty, and the raven still, with inexorable flight, accompanied me without changing anything of my fate.

Air champetre
Belle source, belle source, Je veux me rappeler sans cesse, Qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié Ravi, j'ai contemplé ton visage, ô dèese, Perdu sous la mousse ámotié Que n'est-il demeuré, cet ami que je pleure, O nymphe, à ton culte attaché, Pour se mêler encore au souffle qui t'effleure, Et répondre à ton flot caché? Belle source, belle source, etc.

Rustic Air
Beautiful spring, I wish to remember without cease, that one day guided by friendship enchanted, I contemplated thy face, o goddess, half hidden beneath the moss, Why did he not remain, that friend whom I lament, devoted to thy cult, o nymph, to mingle once again with the breeze that carexxes thee, and to respond to thy hidden waters? Beautiful spring, etc.

Air grave
Ah! fuyez à présent, malheureuses pensées!
O! colère, o! remords! Souvenirs qui m'avez les deux tempes pressées, de l'étreinte des morts. Sentiers de mousse pleins, vaporeuses fontaimes, grottes profondes, voix des oiseaux et du vent lumières incertaines des sauvages sous-bois, insectes, animaux, beauté future, ne me repousse pas oh divine nature je suis ton suppliant. Ah! fuyez à présent, colère, remords!

Air vif
Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête, Les fleurs des champs, des bois, éclatent de plaisir, Hélas! hélas! et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa voix. Mais toi noble océan que l'assaut des tourmentes Ne saurait ravager Certes plus dignement, lorsque tu te lamentes, Tu te prends à songer. Le trésor du verger, etc.

Grave Air
Ah! fly away now, unhappy thoughts! O anger, o remorse! You memories who have besieged my two temples with the grip of the dead. Paths covered in moss vaporous fountains, deep grottoes, voices of the birds and of the wind flickering lights of the untamed undergrowth, insects, animals, future beauty, do not repulse me o heavenly nature, I am your suppliant. Ah! fly away now, anger, remorse!

Lively Air
The treasure of orchad and festive garden, the flowers of the fields, of the woods explode with delight, Alas! and over their head the wind swells its voice. But you, noble ocean whom the assault of storms cannot devastate, for sure more worthily when you lament you begin to dream. The treasure of orchard, etc.

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